THE CHERRIE AND THE SLAVES COMPYLED INTO MEETER

By [illegible] ALEXANDER MONTGOMERY

[illegible] Printed [illegible]
[illegible] Printers, [illegible]

A SWEET SONNET, TO THE *BLESSED TRINITIE.*

BY C. A. M.

SUpreme Essence, Beginner unbegun,
Ay Trinal One, and undivided three:
Eternal Word that victory hath won
Ov'r death, ov'r hell, triumphing on the tree.
Fore-knowledge, Wisdom, and al-seeing eye:
JEHOVA, *Alpha, and Omega all:*
Like unto none, and none like unto thee:
Unmov'd, moving the rounds about the Ball.
Container uncontain'd, is, was, and shall
Be: sempiternal, merciful and just.
Creator uncreated, now I call,
Teach me thy truth, sith into thee I trust.
Increase, confirm, and kindle from above,
My faith, my hope, and by the lave my love.

THE

THE CHERRIE AND THE SLAE.

1. About a Bank with balmie bewes,
Where nightingals their notes renewes
With gallant Gold-spinks gay;
The Mavis, Merl, and progn proud,
The Linitwhite, Lark and Laverock loud,
Saluted mirthful May.
When Philomel had sweetly sung,
To Progn she deplor'd,
How Tereus cut out her tongue,
And falsly her defior'd.
Which story, so sory,
To show atham'd she seem'd,
To hear her, so near her,
I doubted if I dream'd.

2. The Cuthat crouds, the Cowbie cryes,
The Cuckow couks, the pratling Pyes,
To geck her they begin.
The Largoun, or the jangling Jays,
The craiking Crawes, ȝ kekling Kays,
They deav'd me with their din.
The painted Pawn with Argots eyes,
Can on his Mayock call.
The Turtle wails on withered trees,
And Echo answered all.
Repieting, with grieting,
How fair Narcissus fell,

By

By lying, and spying
His shadow in the well.

3. I saw the Hutcheon e the hare,
In hidlings hirpling here and there
To make their morning mange.
The Con, the Cunie, and the Cat,
Whole dainty downs id dew were wat,
With stiff mustaches strang.
The Hart, the Hynd, the Dae, the Rae,
The Fulmart, and false Fox:
The bearded Buck clamb up the brae,
With birlie Baits and Brocks:
Some feeding, some dreading
The Hunters subtil snares,
With skipping, and tripping,
They plaid them all in pairs.

4. The air was sober, soft and sweet,
But mistie vapors, wind nor sweet,
but quiet, calm and clear,
To foster Floras fragrant flowers,
Whereon Apollos paramours,
Had trinkled many a tear:
The which like silver shakers shin'd,
Imbrodering beauties bed,
Wherewith their heavy heads declin'd,
In Mayes colours clad.
Some knopping, some dropping
Of balmie liquor sweet:
Excelling, and smelling,
Through Phebus wholsome heat.

5. We thought an heavenly heartsome thing,
Where dew like Diamonds did hang,
Dy'rtwinkling all the trees,
To study on the flowrith'd twists,
Admiring Natures Alchymists,
Laborious busie Bees:
Whereof some sweetest honey sought,
To slay their lives to starve:
And some the waxie vessels wrought, The

Their purchase to preserve,
So heaping, for keeping,
In it their hyves they hide,
Precisely, and wisely,
For winter they provide.

6. To pen the pleasures of that Park,
How every blossom, branch and bark,
against the Sun did shine:
I pass to Doers to compile,
In high heroick stately stile,
Whose Muse surmatches mine.
But as I looked mine alone,
I saw a River rin
Out ov'r a steepie rock of stone,
Sine lighted in a lin,
With tumbling, & rumbling
Amongst the Roches round;
Devaling, and falling
Into a pit profound.

7. Through routing of the River rang,
The Roches sounding like a sang,
Where Descant did abound:
With Treble, Tenor, Counter Ten;
An Echo blew a Bass between,
In Diapason sound:
Set with the Clef-fa-ut Chief,
With long and large at first,
With Quaver, Crochet, Semi-brief,
And not a Minim mist,
Compleatly, more sweetly,
She strowned flat and sharp,
Then Muses, which uses
To pin Apollos harp.

8. Who would have tyr'd to hear that tune,
Which birds corroborat ay above,
With layes of lovelome Larks:
Which climb so high in cristal skyes,
Whyle Cupid wakened with the cryes
Of Natures Chappel Clarks;

Who

Who leaving all the Heavens above,
Alighted on the earth,
Lo how that little Lord of Love,
Before me there appear'd.
So mild-like, and child-like,
With bow three quarters skant;
Syne moyly, and coyly,
He looked like a Saint.

9. A cleanly Crisp hang over his eyes,
His Quaver by his naked thyes,
Hang in a silver lace:
Of gold between his shoulders grew
Two pretty wings wherewith he flew;
On his left arm a brace.
This God soon off his gear he shook
Upon the grassie ground
I ran as lightly for to look,
Where Kerlies might be found:
Amazed, I gazed
To see his gear so gay:
Perceiving, mine having
He counted me his prey.

10. His youth & stature made me stout,
Of doubleness I had no doubt,
But bourded with my boy.
Quoth I how call they thee, my child?
Cupido, sir, quoth he, and smil'd,
Please you me to employ:
For I can serve you in your sute;
If you please to imploy,
With wings to flee, and shafts to shoot,
Or flames to set on fire.
Make choise then of those then
Or of a thousand things:
But crave them, & have them,
With that I woo'd his wings.

11. What would you give, my heart, quoth he,
To have these wanton wings to flee,
To sport thy sp'rit a while?

Or

Or what if Love should lend thee here,
Bow, quiver, shafts, and shooting gear,
Some body to beguile?
This gear, quoth I, cannot be bought,
Yet I would have it fain.
What if, quoth he, it cost thee nought,
But rendring all again.
His wings then, he brings then,
And band them on my back.
Go flee now, quoth he, now,
And so my leave I take.

12. I then sprang up to Cupids wings,
Whose shafts & shooting gear resigns,
To lend me for a day:
As Icarus with borrowed flight
I mounted higher then I might,
Ov'r perilous a play.
First, forth I drew the double dart,
Which sometime shot his mother;
Wherewith I hurt my wanton heart,
In hope to hurt another.
It hurt me, or burnt me,
While either end I handle;
Come see now, in me now,
The Butterflie and Candle.

13. As she delites into the low,
So was I browden of my bow,
As ignorant as she:
And as she flies while she is fir'd,
So with the dart that I desir'd,
Mine hands hath hurt me to:
As foolish Phaeton by lute,
His fathers chair obtain'd,
I longed in Loves bow to shoot,
Not marking what it mean'd:
More wilful, then skilful,
To flee I was so fond;
Desiring, inspiring,
And so was seen upond.

14. Too

14. Too late I knew who hews too hie,
The ſpale ſhall fall into his eye:
Too late I went to Schools:
Too late I heard the ſwallow preach,
Too late Experience doth teach,
The School-maſter of fools:
Too late I find the neſt I ſeek,
When all the birds are flown:
Too late the ſtable door I ſteek,
When as the Steed is ſtown.
Too late ay their ſtate ay,
As foolish folk clyp:
Behind ſo, they run ſo,
Remead, and ſo do I.

15. If I had rightly been adviſ'd,
I had not raſhly enterpriz'd,
To ſoar with borrowed pens:
Nor yet had ſay'd the Archer-craft,
To ſhoot my ſelf with ſuch a ſhaft,
As reaſon quite miſkens:
Fra wilfulneſs gave me my wound,
I had no force to flee,
Then came I groaning to the ground,
Friend, welcome home, quoth he.
Where flew ye: whom flew ye:
Or who brings home the booting:
I ſee now, quoth he now,
You have been at the ſhooting.

16. As ſcorn comes commonly with ſkaith,
So I behov'd to bide them baith,
So ſtaggering was my ſtate:
That under cure I got ſuch check,
Which I might not remove nor neck,
But either ſtail or mait.
Mine agonie was ſo extream,
I ſwet and ſound for fear.
But ere I wakned of my dream,
He ſpoil'd me of my gear.
With ſtight then on hight then,

Sprang

And the Skie.
Sprang Cupid in the skyes:
Forgetting, and letting
At nought my careful eyes.
17. So long with sight I followed him,
While both my dazled eyes grew dim,
Through staring of the sterns:
Which flew so thick before mine een,
Some red, some yellow, blew and green,
Which troubled all mine harns;
That every thing appeared two,
To my barboulied brain:
But long might I ly looking so,
Ere Cupid came again.
Whose thundring, with wondring,
I heard up through the air:
Through clouds so, he thuds so,
And flew I wist not where.
18. Then when I saw he God was gone,
And I in langor left alone,
And sore tormented too:
Sometime I sigh'd while I was sad,
Sometime I mus'd, and most gone mad,
In doubting what to do.
Sometime I rav'd half in a rage,
As one into despair:
To be oppress with such a Page,
Lord, if my heart was sair.
Like Dido, Cupido,
I widdle and I weare:
Who reft me, and left me,
In such a feirie fare.
19. Then felt I Courage and Desire,
Inflame mine heart with uncouth fire,
To me before unknown:
But then no blood in me remains,
Unburnt or boil'd within my veins.
All by Loves bellows blown:
To drown it ere I was devour'd,
With sighs I went about:

But

But ay the more I shope to smoord
The bolder it brake out:
Ay preasing, but ceasing,
whil it might break the bonds
Mine hew so, forth shew so,
The dolour of my wounds.
20. With deadly visage pale and wan,
More like Anatomie then man,
I withered clean away:
As wax before the fire I felt,
Mine heart within my bosome melt,
And piece and piece decay.
My veins by branging like to break
My pulses lap with pith,
So fervensit did me infect,
That I was vext therewith.
Mine heart ay, it starts ay,
The fiery flames to free:
Ay hoping, through lowping,
To leap at libertie.
21. But, oh! alace! it was abus'd,
My careful corps kept it inclus'd,
In prison in my breast,
With sighs so sopped and ov'rset,
Like to a fish fast in the net,
In dead-thraw undiceast,
Which though in vain it strives by strength
For to pull out her head,
Which profits nothing at the length,
But hastning to her dead.
With thristing, and wristing,
The faster still is she:
There I so, did ly so,
My death advancing to.
22. The more I wrestled with the wind,
The faster still my self I find,
No mirth my mind could mease.
More noy then I had never none,
was so altred and ov'rgone,

Through

Through drouth of my diseale:
Yet weakly as I might I raise,
My sight grew dim and dark:
I staggred at the windling straes,
No token I was stark.
But sightless, and mightless,
I grew almost at once:
In anguish, I languish,
With many grievous groans.

23. With sober pace yet I approach,
Hard to the River and the Roch,
Whereof I spake before:
The River such a murmure made,
As to the sea it softly slade:
The craig was stay and shore:
Then Pleasure did me so provoke,
There partly to repair,
Betwixt the River and the Rock,
Where hope grew with Despair.
A tree then, I see then,
Of Cherries on the braes;
Below too, I saw too,
A bush of bitter Slaes.

24. The Cherries hang above mine head
Like trickling Rubies round and red,
So high up in the Heugh:
Whose shadows in the River shew,
As graithly as above they grew,
On trembling twists and teugh:
Whiles bow'd through burden of their birth,
Declining down their tops,
Reflex of Phebus off the Firth
Now coulor'd all their knops.
With dancing, and glancing,
In trite as Dornick champ,
Which streamed, and leamed
Through lightness of that lamp.

25. With earnest eye, while I espy
That fruit betwixt me and the sky,

Halk

Half gate almost to Heaven;
The craig so cumbersom to climb
The tree so tall of growth & trim,
As any arrow even:
I call to mind how Daphne did
Within the Lawrel shrink,
When from Apollo she her hid,
A thousand times I think.
That tree there, to me there
As he his Lawrel thought;
Aspyring, but trying,
To get that fruit I sought.

26. To climb ȳ craig it was no buit,
Let be to preasse to pull the fruit,
In top of all the tree.
I know no way whereby to come,
By any craft to get it clum
Approchandlie to me.
The Craig was ugly, slay and dreig
The tree long, sound, and smal:
I was afraid to climb so high,
For fear to fetch a fall.
Afrayed, I stayed,
And looked up aloft;
Whiles minting, whiles stinting,
My purpost changed oft.

27. Then Dread with Danger and Despair,
Forbade me minting any mair
To rax above my reach.
What? tuth, quoth Courage, man go to,
He is but daft that hath to do,
And spares for every speech:
For I have oft heard sooth men say,
And we may see't our sells,
That Fortune helps the hardy ay,
And pultrons ay repells:
Then care not, and fear not
Dread, Danger, nor Despair.
To hazards, hard hazards, Is

Is death ere they come there.
28. Who speeds but such as high aspires?
Who triumphs not but such as tyres
To win a noble name?
Of shrinking what but shame succeds?
Then do as thou would have thy deeds
In register of fame:
I put the case thou not prevail'd,
So thou with honor die,
Thy life but not thy courage fail'd,
Shall Poets pen of thee.
Thy name then, from fame then,
Can never be cut aff:
Thy grave ay, shall have ay
That honest Epitaph.
29. What canst thou lose where honor lives,
Renown thy vertue ay revives,
If valiantly thou end.
Quoth Danger, huly friend, take heed,
Untimous spurring spills the steed,
Take tent what ye pretend:
Tho' Courage counsel thee to climb,
Beware thou kep no skaith;
Have thou none help but Hope & him,
They may beguile thee baith.
Thy sell now, can tell now,
The counsel of these clarks,
Wherethrough yet, I trow yet,
Thy breast doth bear the marks.
30. Burnt bairn with fire the danger dreads,
So I believe thy bosom bleeds,
Since last that fire thou felt:
Besides that seindle times thou sees,
That ever Courage keeps the keyes,
Of knowledge at his belt.
Tho' he bide forward with the guns,
Smal powder he provides;
Be not a Novice of that Nuns,
Who saw not both the sides.

Fools

Fools haste ay, almaist ay,
Ov'rlyles the light of some,
Whs looks not, who hulks not,
What afterward may come.

31. Yet Wisdom witheth thee to wey
This figure in Philosophy,
A Lesson worth to lear.
Which is in time for to take tent,
And not when time is past repent,
And buy repentance dear.
Is there no honor after life,
Except thou slay thy sell?
Wherefore hath Atropos that knife?
I trow thou canst not tell:
Who but it, would cut it,
Which Clotho scarce hath spun,
Destroying, the joying,
Before it be begun?

32. All ov'rs are repute to be vice,
Ov'r high, ov'r low, ov'r rash, ov'r nice,
Ov'r hot, or yet ov'r cold.
Thou seems unconstant by thy signs,
Thy thought is on a thousand things,
Thou wats not what thou would.
Let Fame her pity on thee pow'r,
When all thy bones are broken:
Yon Slae, suppose thou think it sowr,
Would satisfie to sloken.
thy drowth now, of youth now
Which dryes thee with desire:
Assuage then, thy rage then:
Foul water quencheth fire.

33. What fool art thou to die a thirst,
And now may quench it, if thou list,
So easily but pain.
More honor is to vanquish ane,
Then fight with tensome, and be'tane,
And either hurt or slain.
The practick is to bring to pass,

And

And not to enterprize:
And as good drinking out of glass,
As gold in any wise.
I lever, had ever
A fowl in hand, or tway,
Than seeing, ten fleeing
About me all the day.

34. Look where thou light before thou loup,
And slip not, certainly for hope,
Who guides thee but beguels.
Quoth Courage, cowards take no cure
To sit with shame, so they be sure:
I like them all the leis.
What pleasure purchast is but pain:
Or honor won with ease:
He will not lye where he is slain,
Who doubts before he dies.
For fear then, I hear then,
But only one remead;
Which late is, and that is
For to cut off the head.

35. What is the way to heal thine hurt:
What way is there to stay thy smart:
What means to make thee merrie:
What is the comfort that thou craves:
Suppose these Sophists thee deceives,
Thou knows it is the Cherrie.
Since only for it thou but thirsts,
The Slae can be no buit:
In it also thine health consists,
And in none other fruit.
Why quakes thou, and shakes thou,
Or studies at our strife:
Advise thee, it lyes thee
On no leis then thy life.

36. If any patient would be panc'd,
Why should he loup when he is lanc'd,
Or shrink when he is shorn:
For I have heard Chirurgions say,
Oft

Oft times deferring of a day,
Might not be mend the morn.
Take time in time, ere time be tint,
For time will not remain,
What forceth fire out of the flint,
But as hard match again:
Delay not, nor fray not,
And thou shalt see it sae:
Such gets ay, as lets ay,
Stout stomacks to the brae.

37. Tho all beginnings be most hard,
The end is pleasant afterward;
Then shrink not for no showr:
When once that thou thy greening get,
Thy pain and travel is forget;
The sweet exceeds the sowr;
Go to then quickly, fear not thir,
For hope good hap hath height.
Quoth Danger, Be not sudden, Sir,
The matter is of weight:
First spy both, then try both,
Advisement doth none ill:
Thou may then, I say then,
Be wilful when thou will.

38. But yet to mind the Proverb call,
Who useth perils, perish shall,
Short while their life them lasts.
And I have heard, quoth Hope, that he
Should never shape to sail the sea,
That for all perils casts,
How many through despair are dead,
That never perils prievd:
How many also, if thou read,
Of lives have we relievd,
Who being, even biting,
But Danger but despair'd:
A hunder, no wonder,
But thou hast heard declar'd.

39. If we two hold not up thine heart, Which

Which is the chief and noblest part,
Thy works would not go well:
Consider the companions can
Dissuade a silly simple man,
To hazard for his heal:
Suppose they have deceived some,
Ere they and we might meet;
They got no credance where we came,
In any man of sprite.
By reason, their treason,
By us is plainly spy'd:
Revealing, their dealing,
Which now not be deny'd.
40. With sleeked Sophisms seeming sweet,
As all their doings were discreet,
They wish thee to be still,
Postponing time from hour to hour,
But faith, and underneath the flower
The lurking serpent lyes,
Suppose thou seest her not a time,
While that she sting thy foot.
Perceives thou not what precious time,
Thy sleuth doth over-shoot:
Alace! man, thy case man,
In lingring I lament:
Go to now, and do now,
That Courage be content.
41. What if Melancholie come in,
And get a grip ere thou begin,
Then is thy Labour lost:
For he will hold thee hard and fast,
Till time and place and fruit be past,
And thou give up the ghost.
Then shall be grav'n upon that plate,
Which on thy tomb is laid:
Sometime there liv'd such one, alace!
But how shall it be said;
Here lyes now, but prize now;

Into dishonors bed,
A Cowart, as thou art,
Who from his fortune fled.

42. Imagine man, if thou wert laid
In grave, & then might hear this said,
Would thou not swear for shame:
Yes faith, I doubt not, but thou would,
Therefore if thou have eyes, behold,
How they would smore thy fame:
Go to, and make no more excuse,
Ere life and honor lose;
And either them or us refuse,
There is no other chose.
Consider, together,
That we do never dwell;
At length ay, but strength ay,
The pultrons we expell.

43. Quoth Danger, since I understand,
That counsel can be no command,
I have no more to say:
Except, if that thou think it good,
Take counsel yet ere ye conclude,
Of wiser men then they.
They are but rackiels, young, and rash,
Suppose ye think us flett:
If of our fellowship ye lack,
Go with them, hardly bett.
God speed you, they lead you,
Who have not meikle wit:
Expell us, ye'l tell us,
Hereafter comes not yet.

44. While Danger and Delpair retir'd,
Experience came in, and speir'd,
What all the matter mean'd:
With him came Reason, Wit, and Skill,
Then they began to spear at Will,
Where meke you so? my friend,
To pluck yon lustie Cherrie, lo,
Quoth he, and quite the Slae.

Quoth

Quoth they, is thers no more ado,
Ere ye win up the brae,
But to it, and do it,
Perforce yon fruit to pluck:
Well, brother, some other
Were better to conduct.

45. We grant ye may be good enough,
But yet the hazard of yon heugh,
Requires a graver guide:
As wile as ye are may go wrang,
Therefore take counsel ere ye gang,
Of some that stands beside.
But who were yon three ye forbade
Your companie right now?
Quoth Will, three Preachers to per,
The poison'd Slae to pow. (I wade
They tavtled, and pratled
A long half hour and mair:
Foul fa them, they call them
Dread, Danger, & Despair.

46. They are more fashous then of feck,
Yon hazards durst not for their neck,
Climb up the craig with us:
Fra we determined to die,
Or then to climb the Cherrie-tree,
They bode about the bush.
They are condition'd like the Cat,
They would not wet their feet:
But yet if any fish we gat,
They would be apt to eat.
Though they now, I say now,
To hazard have none heart:
Yet luck we, or pluck we
The fruit, they would not part.

47. But when we get our voyage wunn,
They shall not then a Cherrie cum,
Who would not enterprize.
Well, quoth Experience, ye boast,
But he that reckned but his host,

Ost

Oft times hs counteth twise.
Ye tell the Boars skin on his back,
But bide while ye it get,
When ye have done, its time to
Ye fish before the net. (crack,
What haste sir, ye taste sir,
The cherrie, ere ye pow it,
Beware sir, ye are sir,
More talkative nor trow it.

48. Call Danger back again, quoth Skill,
To see what he can say to Will,
We see him thod so strait:
We may not true what each one tells,
Quoth Courage, we concluded else,
He serves not for our mate;
For I can tell you all perqueer,
His counsel ere he come,.
Quoth Hope, whereto should he come here,
He cannot hold him dumb:
He speaks ay, and seeks ay,
Delayes oftimes and drifts,
To grieve us, and dieve us,
With sophistrie and shifts.

49. Quoth Reason, why was he debar'd?
The tale is ill, cannot be hear'd,
Yet let us hear him anes.
Then Danger to declare began,
How Hope and Courage took the man
To lead him all their lanes:
How they would have him up the hill,
But either stop or stay:
And who was welcome then but Will,
He would be formest ay:
He could do, and should do,
Who ever would or mought:
Such speeding, proceeding
Unlikely was, I thought.

50. Therefore I wisht him to beware,
And rashly not to run ow'r far, Without

Without such guides at ye.
Quoth Courage, friend, I hear you fail,
Take better tent unto your tale,
Ye said, it could not be:
Besides that he would not consent,
That ever we should clim,
Quoth Will, for my part I repent,
We saw them more then him:
For they are, the stay are,
Of us as well as he:
I think now, they shrink now,
Go forward, let them be.

51. Go, go, we do nothing but guckes,
They say the voyage never lucks,
Where each one hath a vote.
Quoth Wildom, gravely sir, I grant,
We were no worle your vote to want,
Some sentence now I note,
Suppose ye spake it but begueis,
Some fruit therein I find:
Ye would be foremost I conceis,
But comes oftimes behind:
It may be, that they be
Deceiv'd that never doubted.
Indeed sir, that head sir,
Hath meikle wit about it.

52. Then wilfull Will began to rage,
And swore he saw nothing in age,
But anger, ire, and grudge:
And for my self, quoth he, I swear,
To quite all my Companions here,
If they admit you judge.
Experience is grown so old,
That he begins to rave:
The rest but Courage are so cold,
No hazarding they have.
For Danger far stranger,
Hath made them then they were,
Go fra them, we pray them, Who

Who neither dow nor dare.
53. Why may not we three lead this one
I'le lead an hundreth mine alone,
But counsel of them all.
I grant (quoth Wisdome) ye have led,
But I would speer how many sped
Or furthered but a fall.
But either few or none I trow,
Experience can tell:
He sayes that man may wite but you,
The first time that he fell:
He kens then, whole pens then
Thou borrowed him to flee:
His wounds yet which stounds yet,
He got them then through thee.
54. That quoth Experience, is true,
Will flattered him when first he flew,
Will set him on a low,
Will was his counsel and convoy,
Will borrowed from the blinded Boy
Both Quaver, Wings, and bow,
Wherewith before he say'd to shoot,
He neither yeeld to youth,
Nor yet had any need of fruit,
To quench his deadly drouth:
Which pines him, and dwines him
To death I wot not how:
If will then, did ill then,
Himself remembers now.
55. For I Experience was there,
Like as I us'd to be all where,
What time he wited Will,
To be the ground of all his grief,
As I my self can be a prief,
And witness thereuntil:
There are no bounds but I have been,
Nor hidlings from me hide;
Nor secret things but I have seen,
That he or any did.

There-

Therefore now, no more now,
Let him think to conceal't:
For why now, even I now
Am debt-bound to reveal't.

56. My custome is for to declare
The truth, and neither eke nor pair,
For any man a jot:
If willful Will belyes in lies,
Examples in thy self thou sees;
How he can turn his coat;
And with his language would allure
Thee yet to break thy bones:
Thou knows thy self if he be sure,
Thou us'd his counsel once.
Who would yet, behold yet,
To break thee were not we,
Think on now, on yon now,
Quoth Wildom then to me.

57. Well quoth Experience, if he
Submits himself to you and me,
I wot what I should say:
Our good advice he shall not want
Providing allwayes that he grant
To put yon Will away,
And banish both him and Despair,
That all good purpose spills:
So he will mell with them nor mair,
Let them two flyt their fills.
Such cossing, but lossing,
All honest men may use,
That change now, were strange now,
Quoth reason, to refuse.

58. Quoth Will, Fy on him when he slew,
That yow'd not Cherries then anew,
For to have slay'd his hurt.
Quoth Reason, though he bear the blame,
He never saw nor needed them,
While he himself had hurt.
First when he mistered not, he might, He

He needs, and may not now:
Thy folly when he had his slight,
Empaired him to pow.
Both he now, and we now,
Perceives thy purpose plain,
To turn him and burn him,
And blow on him again.

59. Quoth Skill, what would we longer striv,
Far better late then never thrive,
Come let us help him yet:
Tint time we may not get again,
We waste but present time in vain.
Beware with that, quoth Wit.
Speak on Experience, let see:
We think you hold you dum.
Of bygones I have heard, quoth he,
I know not things to come.
Quoth Reason, the reason,
With slouthing slines away:
First take him, and make him,
A man if that you may.

60. Quoth will, if he be not a man,
I pray you, sir, what is he than?
He looks like one at least.
Quoth Reason, if he follow thee,
And mind not to remain with me:
Nought but a brutal beast.
A man in shape doth nought consist,
For all your taunting tales,
Therefore, sir will, I would ye wist,
Your Metaphysick fails.
Go lear yet, a year yet,
Your Logick at the Scholes,
Some day then, ye may then,
Passe Master with the Mules.

61. Quoth will, I marvel what ye mean,
Should I not trow mine own two eine,
For all your Logick Schooles.
If I did not, I were not wise. Quoth

Quoth Reason, I have told you thrice,
None serlies more nor fools:
There be more senses nor the sight,
Which ye ov'rhail for haste;
To wit, if ye remember right,
Smell, hearing, touch and taste.
All quick things have such things,
I mean both man and beast:
By kind, ay, we find ay,
Few lacks them at the least.

62. So by the consequence of thine,
Or Syllogism like a swine
A Cow may learn the lair:
Thou uses only but the eyes,
She touches, tastes, smells, hears and sees,
Which matches thee and mair.
But since to triumph ye intend,
As presently appears:
Sir for your Clergy to be kend,
Take ye two asses ears.
No mitre, perkyter,
Got Midas for his meed,
That hood sir, is good sir,
To hap your brainsick head.

63. Ye have no skel for to define,
Though ye have cunning to decline
A man to be a Wool.
With little work yet ye may vow'd,
To grow a gallant horse and good,
To ryde thereon at Yool;
But to our ground where we began,
For all your gusmets jerks:
I must be master of the man,
But thou to brutal beasts.
So we two, must be two,
To cause both kinds be known,
Keep mine then, from thine then,
And each one use their own.

64. Then will as angry as an Ape,
Ran ramping, swearing, rude and rape,
Saw he none other shift;
He would not want an inch his will,
Ev'n whether't did him good or ill,
For thirtie of his thrift:
He would be formost in the field,
And matter, if he might:
Yea he should rather die then yeeld,
Though Reason had the right.
Shal he now, make me now
His subject, or his slave?
No rather, my father,
Shall quick go to the grave.

65. I height him while mine heare was heal,
To perish first ere he prevail,
Come after what so may.
Quoth Reason, Doubt you not indeed,
Ye hit the nail upon the head,
It shall be as ye say.
Suppose ye spur for to aspire,
Your bridle wants a bit:
That mark may leave you in the mire
As sicker as ye sit.
Your sentence, repentance,
Shall leave you, I believe;
And anger, you langer,
Where ye the practick prieve.

66. As ye have dyted your decreet,
Your Prophesie to be compleet,
Perhaps and to your pains.
It hath been said, and may be so,
A willful man wants never wo,
Though he get little gains:
But since he think'ts an easie thing
To mount about the Moon,
Of your own fiddle take a spring,
And dance when ye have done.
If then, Sir, the man, Sir, Like

Like of your mirth, he may,
And ſpear firſt, and hear firſt,
What he himſelf will ſay.

67. Then altogether they began,
And ſaid, come on thou marryr'd man,
What is thy will? Advile,
Abas'd a bony while I have,
And mus'd ere I mine anſwer made,
I turn'd me once or twice,
Beholding every one about,
Whoſe motions mov'd me maiſt.
Some ſeem'd aſſured, ſome dread for doubt
Will ran red-wood for haiſt:
With wringing, and flinging
For madneſs like to mange.
Deſpair too, for care too,
Would needs himſelf go hang.

68. Which when Experience perceiv'd,
Quoth he, remember if I rav'd,
As will alledg'd of late:
When as he ſwore nothing he ſaw
In age, but anger, ſlack and ſlaw,
And cankred in conceit.
Ye could not luck, as he alledg'd,
Who all opinions ſpear'd,
He was ſo frack and fierie edg'd,
He thought us four but fear'd;
Who panſes, what chances,
Quoth he, no worſhip wins
To ſome beſt, ſhall come beſt,
Who hap well, rack well rins.

69. Yet quoth Experience, behold,
For all the tales that I have told,
How he himſelf behaves;
Becauſe Deſpair could come no ſpeed,
Lo, here he hings all but the head,
And in a widdy waves.
If you be ſure once, thou may ſee
To men that with them mels

If

If they had hurt or helped thee;
Consider by themsels:
Then chuse thee, to use thee
By us, or such as you,
Sine soon now, have done now
Make either ok or on.
70. Perceiv'st thou not wherefra proceeds,
The frantick fantasie that feeds,
Thy furious flaming fire:
Which doth thy bailful breast combure,
That none indeed, quoth they, can cure,
Nor help thine hearts desire:
The piercing passions of the sprit,
Which wastes thy vital breath.
Doth hold thine heavy heart with heat
Desire draws on thy death:
Thy punces, pronounces,
All kind of quiet rest,
That fever, hath ever,
Thy person so oppress.
71. Couldst thou come once acquaint with Skill,
He knows what humors doth thee ill,
And how thy cares contracts:
He knows the ground of all thy grief,
And recipes of thy relief,
All medicines he makes.
Quoth Skill, come on, content am I,
To put mine helping hand,
Providing allwayes he apply,
To counsel and command;
While we then, quoth he then,
Are minded to remain;
Give place now, in case now
Thou get us not again.
72. Assure thy self if that we shed
Thou shalt not get thy purpose sped:
Take heed we have thee told:
Have done and drive not off the day,
The man that will not when he may, He

He shal not when he would.
What would thou do? I would we wist,
Accept, or give us ob'r.
Quoth I, I think me more then blest,
To find such famous four
Beside me, to guide me,
Now when I have to do:
Considering, what swiddering
Ye found me first into.
73. When Courage crav'd a stomack stout,
And Danger drave me into doubt,
With his companion Dread:
Whiles will would up above the Air,
Whiles I am drowned in deep despair,
Whiles Hope holds up mine head:
Such pithie reasons and replyes,
On every side they shew,
That I who was not very wise,
Thought all their tales were true.
So mony, and bony
Old Problems they proponit,
But quickly, and likely,
I marvel meekle on it.
74. Yet hope & Courage wan the field,
Though dread & Danger never yeeld,
But fled to find refuge.
Yet when ye four came, they were fain,
Because he gart us come again,
They grien'd to get you judge:
Where they were fugitives before,
Ye made them frank and free,
To speak and stand in aw no more,
Quoth Reason, So should be.
Oftimes now, but crimes now,
But even perforce it falls,
The strong ay, with wrong ay
Puts weaker to the walls.
75. Which is a fault, ye must confess,
Strength was not ordain'd to oppress. with

With rigour by the right:
But by the contrare to sustain
The loaden which ov'rburthened been,
As meekle as they might.
So hope and courage did, quoth I,
Experimented like,
Show skill'd and pithie reasons why
That danger lap the dyke.
Quoth danger, sir, take heed, sir
Long spoken, part must spill:
Insist not, we wist not
We went against our will.
76. With Courage ye were so content,
Ye never sought our smal consent,
Of us ye stood not aw:
Then Logick lessons ye allow it,
And was determined to trow it,
Alledgeance past for law:
For all the Proverbs we perus'd,
Ye thought them skantlie skill'd:
Our reasons had been as well rus'd
Had they been as well will'd.
To our side, as your side,
So truely I may term't:
I see now, in thee now,
Affection doth affirm't.
77. Experience then smirking smil'd,
We are no bairns to be beguil'd,
Quoth he, and shook his head:
For authors who alledges us,
They still would win about the bus,
To foster deadly fead:
For we are equal for you all,
No persons we respect:
We have been so, are yet, and shall
Be found so in effect.
If we were, as ye were,
We had come unrequir'd:
But we now, ye see now,

Do

Do nothing undesir'd.

78. There is a sentence said by some
Let none uncall'd to counsel come,
That welcome weins to be:
Yea I have heard another yet,
Who came uncall'd, unserv'd should sit:
Perhaps sir, so may ye.
Good-man, grant mercy for your get,
Quoth Hope, and lowly louts:
If ye were sent for, we suspect,
Because your Doctors doubts,
Your years now, appears now
With wisdom to be vext,
Rejoicing, in gloising,
Till you have tint your text.

79. Where ye were sent for, let us see,
Who would be welcomer then we:
Prove that, and we are pay'd.
Well, quoth Experience, beware,
Ye know not in what cale you are,
Your tongue hath you betray'd.
The man may able tine a shot,
Who cannot count his kinch,
In your own bow ye are ov'rshot
By more then half an inch.
Who wat, sir, if that sir,
Is lowr which seemeth sweet:
I fear now, ye hear now,
A dangerous decreet.

80. Sir, by that sentence ye have said,
I pledge ere all the play be plaid,
That some shall lose a laik.
Since ye but put me for to prove,
Such heads as helps for my behove,
Your warrand is but weak.
Spear at the man your self, and see,
Suppose ye strive for state,
If he regrated not how he
Had learn'd my lesson late,

And

And granted, he wanted
Both Reason, Wit, and Skill,
Complaining, and meaning,
Our ablence did him ill.

81. Confront him further face to face,
If yet he rews his rackles race:
Perhaps, and ye shall hear:
For ay since Adam and since Eve,
Who first thy fealings did believe,
I sold thy doctrine dear.
What hath been done even to this day,
I keep in mind almaist:
Ye promise further then ye pay,
Sir Hope, for all your haste:
Promitting, unwitting,
Your heights you never hook-
I know you, I know you, (ed.
Your by-gones I have booked.

82. I would in case, a count were crav'd,
Show thousands thousands thou deceiv'd,
Where thou wast true to one:
And by the contrare, I may want,
Which thou must (though it grieve thee grant)
I trumped never a man,
But truly told the naked truth,
To men that meld with me:
For neither rigor nor for truth,
But only loath to lie.
To some yet, to come yet,
Thy succour shall be slight,
Which I then, must try then,
And register it right.

83. Ha, ha, quoth Hope, and loudly leugh,
Ye're but a prentice at the pleugh,
Experience ye prieve:
Suppose all by-gones, as ye speake,
Ye are no Prophet worth a plack,
Nor I bound to believe.
Ye should not say, fix, till ye see,

But

But when ye see it fay,
Yet, quoth Experience at thee,
Make many mints I may,
By signs now and things now
Which ay before me bears,
Expressing, by guessing,
The peril that appears.

84. Then Hope reply'd, & that with pith,
And wisely weigh'd his words therewith
Sententiously and short:
Quoth he, I am the anchor grip,
That saves the sailers and their ship
From peril to their port.
Quoth he, oftimes that anchor drives,
As we have found before,
And loses many thousand lives,
By ship-wack on the shore:
Your grips oft, but slips oft
When men have most ado,
Sine leaves them, and reaves
Of my companion too. (them

85. Thou leaves them not thy self alone,
But to their grief when thou art gone,
Gars Courage quite them als.
Quoth Hope, I would ye understood,
I grip fast, if the ground be good,
And fleets where it is false,
There should no fault in me be found,
Nor I accus'd at all:
Wite such as should have found the
Before the anchor fall: (ground
Their leed ay, at need ay,
Might warm them, if they would,
If they there, would stay there,
Or have good anchor hold.

86. If ye read right, it was not I,
But only Ignorance, wherby,
Their Carvels all were cloven:
I am not for a trumpet tane, All

All, quoth Experience, is ane,
I have my process proven,
To wit that we were call'd each one
To come before we came,
That now objection ye have none,
Your self must say the same.
Ye are now, too far now
Come forward for to flee;
Perceive then, ye have then,
The worst end of the tree.

87. When hope was gald into ý quick,
Quoth Courage, kicking at the prick,
We let you well to wit,
Make he your welcomer then we,
Then by-gones by-gones, farewel he,
Except ye seek us yet.
He understands his own estate,
Let him his Chiftains choose;
But yet his battel will be blate,
If he our force refuse.
Refuse us, or choose us,
Our counsel is he clim;
But stay he, or stray he,
We have no help for him.

88. Except the Cherrie be his chose,
Be ye his friends we are his foes;
His doings we despite:
If we perceive him setled sae,
To satisfie him with the Slae,
His company we quite.
Then Dread and Danger grew so glad
And wont that they had wun;
They thought all seal'd that they had said,
Since they had first begun.
They thought then, they mought then,
Allthout a party plead:
But yet there, with wit there,
They were dung down indeed.

89. Sirs, dread and danger, then, quoth wit, Ye

Ye did your selves to me submit,
Experience can prove.
That, quoth Experience, I past,
Their own confession made them fast,
They may no more remove:
For if I right remember me,
This maxime then they made,
To wit, the man with Wit should wey
What Philosophs had said,
Which sentence, Repentance
For had him dear to buy:
They knew then, how true then,
And preas'd not to reply.

90. Though he daig Dread and Danger down,
Yet Courage could not overcome,
Hope height him such an hire.
He thought himself so soon he saw
His enemies were laid to law,
It was no time to tire.
He hit the iron while it was hait,
in case it might grow cold;
For he esteem'd his foes defait,
When once he found them fold.
Though he now, quoth he, now,
Have been so free and frank
Unsought yet, ye sought yet,
For kindness cund us thank;

91. Suppose it so, as thou hast said,
That unrequir'd we offred aid,
At least it came of love.
Experience, ye start too soon,
Ye dow nothing while all be done,
And then perhaps ye prove
More plain then pleasant, to perchance,
Some tell that have you tryed,
As fast as ye your self advance,
Ye dow not well deny it.
Abide then, your time then,
And wait upon the wind: Ye

Ye know, Sir, ye ow, Sir,
To hold you ay behind.

92. When ye have done some doughty deeds,
Sine ye should see how all succeeds,
To write them as they were.
Friend, hulie, hast not hast so fast,
Lest, quoth Experience, at last
Ye buy my doctrine dear.
Hope puts that hast into your heav,
Which boiles your barmy brain;
Howbeit fools hast comes hully speed,
Fair bights make fools be fain.
Such smiling, beguiling,
Bids fear not no freets:
Yet I now, deny now,
That all is gold that gleets.

93. Suppose not silver all that shines,
Oftimes a tentiels marchant tines,
For buying gear begueis.
For all the vantage and the winning,
Good buyers gets at the beginning.
Quoth Courage, fear the leis.
While as good marchant tines as wins
Of old mens tales be true:
Suppose the pack comes to the pins,
Who can his chance eschew?
Then, good Sir conclud, Sir,
Good buyers have done baith,
Advance then, take chance then
As sundrie good ships hath.

94. Who wist what would be cheap or dear,
Should need to traffique but a year,
If things to come were kend:
Suppose all by-gone things be plain,
Your prophetie is but prophane,
Ye'ad best behold the end:
Ye would accuse me of a crime,
Almost before we met;
Torment you not before the time, Since

Since dolour pays no debt,
What by past, that I past,
Ye wot if it was well,
To come yet, by doom yet,
Confess ye have no feel.

95. Yet, quoth Experience, what than,
Who may be meetest for the man?
Let us his answer have.
When they submitted them to me,
To reason I was fain to flee,
His counsel for to crave.
Quoth he, since ye your selves submit,
To do as I decreet,
I shall advise with skill and wit,
What they think may be meet.
They cry'd then, we bide then
At reason for refuge;
Allow him, and trow him,
As Governor and Judge.

96. So said they all with one consent,
What he concludes we are content,
His bidding to obey:
He hath Authority to use,
Then take his choise whom he would choose,
And not longer delay.
Then Reason rose, and was rejoic'd,
Quoth he, my hearts, come hither:
I hope this play may be compos'd,
That we may go together.
To all now, I shall now
His proper place assign,
That they here, shall say here,
They think none other thing.

97. Come on, quoth he, companion Skill
Ye understand both good and ill,
In Phyfick ye are fine:
Be Medʿciner unto this man,
And show such cunning as ye can.
To put him out of pain.

First

First gard the ground of all his griefe,
What sicknes ye suspect,
Syne look what he lacks for reliefe,
Ere further he infect.
Comfort him, exhort him,
Give him your good advice;
And pause not, nor skunse not
The perill, nor the price.

98. Though it be cumberlome what reck,
Find out the cause by the effect,
And working of his veins:
Yet while we grip it to the ground,
See first what fashion may be found,
To pacifie his pains:
Do what ye dow to have him hail,
And for that purpose preale:
Cut off the cause, th'effect must fail,
So all his sorrows cease.
His fever, shall never
From thencforth have no force
Then urge him, to purge him,
He will not wax the worse.

99. Quoth Skill, his senses is so sick,
I know no liquor worth a leek
To quench his deadly drouth;
Except the Cherrie help his heat,
Wihole sappy slockning, sharp and sweet
Might melt into his mouth,
And his melancholie remove,
To mitigate his mind;
None wholsomer for his behove,
Nor more cooling of kind.
No Nectar, directar,
Could all the Gods him give,
Nor send him to mend him,
None like it, I believe.

100. For drouth decays as it digests.
Why then quoth Reason, nothing rests,
But how it may be had.

Most

Poft true, quoth Skill, that is the ſcope,
Yet we muſt have ſome help of hope,
Quoth Danger, I am rad,
His haſtineſs bred us miſhap,
When he is highly hoiſt:
I would we looked ere we lap.
Quoth Wit, That were not woiſt.
I mean now, conveen now,
The counſel one and all.
Begin then, call in then,
Quoth Reaſon, So I ſhall.
101. Then Reaſon roſe with geſture grave,
Belyve conveening all the lave,
To ſee what they would ſay;
With ſilver ſcepter in his hand,
As Chiftain choſen to command,
And they bent to obey.
He panſed long before he ſpake,
And in a ſtudy ſtood,
Sine he began and ſilence brake,
Come on (quoth he) conclude,
What way now, we may now
Yon Cherrie come to catch:
Speak out, Sirs, about, Sirs,
Have done, let us diſpatch.
(Quoth Courage) Scourge him firſt that ſkars,
Much muſing memorie but mars:
I tell you mine intent.
(Quoth Wit) Who will not partlie panſe,
In perils periſheth perchance,
Dy'r racklels may repent.
Then (quoth experience) and ſpake,
Sir, I have ſeen them baith,
In bairnlineſs, and ly aback,
Eſcape and come to ſkaith.
But what now, of that now,
Sturt follows all extreams;
Retain then, the mean then,
The ſureſt way it ſeems. 103

Where some hes furthered, some hes fail'd
Where part hes perisht, part prevail'd,
Alike all cannot luck:
Then either venture with the one,
Or with the other let alone,
The Cherrie for to pluck.
(Quoth Hope) For fear folk must not fash.
(Quoth Danger) Let not lighe.
(Quoth Wit) Be neither rude nor rash,
(Quoth Reason) Ye have right.
The rest then, thought best then;
When Reason said it so,
That roundlie, and soundlie,
They should together go.
104. To get the Cherrie in all haste,
As for my safetie serving maist,
Though Dread and danger fear'd
The peril of that irksome way,
Lest that thereby I should decay,
Who then so weak appear'd.
Yet hope and Courage hard beside,
Who with them went contend,
Did take in hand us for to guide
Unto our journeys end,
Impledging, and waging
Both their two lives for mine,
Providing, the guiding
To them were granted fine.
105. Then dread and Danger did appeal,
Alledging it could not be well,
Nor yet would they agree;
But said, they should sound their retreat,
Because they thought them no ways meet
Conductors unto me;
Nor to no man in mine estate,
With sickness sore opprest:
For they took ay the nearest gate,
Omitting ay the best:
Their nearest, perqueerest,